

THE POET'S SONG.

A bird of richest song flew out
And piped his carol full of cheer,
And lo! he winged his way about,
But few would wait his song to hear.
With sorrow, in his lonely nest,
He hid his sweet song in his breast.
But some had heard that song of joy:
It came and soothed the pangs of pain,
Gave hope where doubt rose to destroy;
Despairing souls tried once again.
It lifted hearts all tempest tossed—
That song, though stilled, was never lost.
A poet, no one knew him then,
Sang out his carol full of cheer,
Of hope and faith and love for men,
But few would wait his song to hear.
The poet? He is dead! But yet
The songs he sang no hearts forget.
—George Birdseye in Boston Globe.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

For more than a month there had been growing among the men of Townsend's set a suspicion that he was going to the bad. Once he had been seen coming out of a house which seemed to the eyes of Chadwick, who met him, to conceal possibilities of faro. To be sure, it was found afterward that Townsend had been to visit his "good" husband, who was laid up with a broken leg; but the impression clung, nevertheless.

Then Morton saw him one day on the street in conversation with a young woman of somewhat flamboyant architecture, and although it was proved beyond a peradventure that she was the very respectable person who did his mending, yet there were many who believed that Townsend was "maimed."

Unexplained, however, was his disappearance from his usual haunts at 4 o'clock every afternoon. There were rumors of his having been seen in dingy streets in the port by men who were walking out from Boston and were taking a short cut through that region.

Such being the state of public opinion, no one was surprised to have Townsend throw down his hand one day as the clock struck 4, although the last jack pot had been unusually exciting.

"I'm not coming in," he said. "In fact, I'm going out"—an attempt at wit that was greeted with derision.

With the shutting of the door every hand was tossed upon the table as if by common consent.

"He's doing this every day to my personal knowledge," said Chadwick. "and I'm going to see it out this afternoon."

"I'll go with you," cried Morton. The rest had no theories, but went from curiosity—all except Allen, who was a senior and who knew Townsend's mother and was in love with his sister, and hence felt it incumbent upon him to take the interest of an elder brother in his welfare.

For 20 minutes he led them at a smart pace through the better part of Cambridgeport, and then turned aside into a short bystreet that extended toward the river.

There was no electric light in this obscure alley and the early dusk of the winter afternoon concealed the group of spies in its fast deepening shadows.

Townsend passed the tenements and went up the steps of a cottage, the only detached house on the street. It was at the end—beyond it a tin can strewn vacant lot, extending to the marsh.

Allen looked grave as he saw Townsend knock as if to warn the inmates of his coming and then take a latchkey from his pocket and enter before the door could be opened from within.

With one accord the eavesdroppers moved toward the vacant lot, where a shaft of light streamed from a side window. Once around the corner they did not see a woman who left the house almost as soon as Townsend had entered.

What they did see as they pressed to the window, whose partly raised curtain allowed them a good view of the room and its occupants, was of a nature to surprise every one of them.

Before the fire sat an old woman whom the novels of 50 years ago would have described as a "beldam." Wild eyes indicative of a disordered mind blazed in a face crowned by a mass of unkempt white hair. Her thin figure ever swayed to the promptings of an inner restlessness, and her nervous hands clutched incessantly at her dress or at the air.

The onlookers were in time to see Townsend greet her. She responded to his salutation by a blow of her cane, which the young man dodged with a coolness born of experience.

Seemingly untroubled by this reception, Townsend went to a closet in the room, and taking from it a chafing dish and eggs and milk and butter he set about the preparation of an omelet.

"Well, I'll be—hanged!" said Chadwick, slow in his amazement.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Morton. "That's the silver dish his mother sent him on his birthday. I thought he'd put it in hock."

Allen said nothing, but he felt a twinge of remorse, for he had thought so too.

It required some skill to serve the meal once it was cooked. Townsend placed a small table before the old lady. She promptly kicked it over.

When at last she was induced to hold the plate, she first threw a bit of the omelet to the cat ("A libation to Fels," whispered Grimston, who had taken honors in classics and antiquities), and then flung her fork into the fire. Townsend rescued it and substituted a spoon, which seemed more to his patient's fancy.

To air the overheated room Townsend opened the window directly over their heads as they squatted on the ground. He lifted the curtain higher and looked out blindly into the darkness. Allen thought that he heard him sigh. So did Morton. Morton was a just little man when once he was convinced.

"I say, fellows," he whispered excitedly when Townsend had been recalled to his duties by a boiling over of the teakettle that threatened to put out the

fire in the grate—"I say, fellows, I don't believe he likes doing it after all." Townsend had lifted the kettle from the fire and was making tea in a brown teapot with a broken spout. While it was steeping he picked up the pieces of the shattered plate from the hearth where the old woman had tossed it when she had finished her omelet.

"Here's your tea," came distinctly through the open window a few minutes later. "What will you stir it with today?"

He turned to a motley collection of articles on a shelf at the old woman's side. She selected a toothbrush, at which Townsend was seen by his watchful friends to make a grimace.

"I'm ready, go on," they heard her say, and Townsend, seated on the table's edge, in proximity to his cooking apparatus, swung his legs idly and began to sing "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

"Well, I'll be—hanged!" said Chadwick.

The tea and the music seemed to have a composing influence upon the old woman. The incessant swaying of her body ceased. Only the nervous hands beat continual time with the toothbrush against the teacup.

"I went through a pork establishment the other day," said Townsend, resting his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand, "and there I learned the intimate connection between the rendering of pig products and the rendering of a song. I stored the information in my memory to tell you."

The old woman showed some interest. "In rendering pork, you know, you try the fat, and in rendering a song you try the audience. See? I will now illustrate the rendering of a song." He went on hastily, seeing that his patient was growing restless in her effort to understand his nonsense.

He was singing "Ben Bolt" in a highly sentimental manner and tears were running down his hearer's withered cheeks when a step in the entry caused an instant change in her demeanor. Springing to her feet, she flung her teacup straight at the door. Townsend sprang from the table and caught it neatly on the fly.

"Out!" cried Grimston under his breath.

"How has she been?" the newcomer asked, with no trace of surprise at the warmth of her reception. She was a woman of 40, tall and angular, and her features showed her kinship to the insane woman, her mother.

"About as usual," returned Townsend. "I saved the cup today, you see, but I was too late for the plate," indicating the fragments on the table.

The listeners beneath the window now thought it wise to make good their escape—all except Allen. He walked along slowly after his friends, who were running in pursuit of an electric car that had flashed by the end of the alley. He let Townsend come up with him.

"Hello, old man! What are you doing here?"

"Springing on you," returned Allen frankly, and then made his confession, ending with "And I beg your pardon, with all my heart."

"Oh, that's all right," said Townsend, much embarrassed. "They're just two old women I found out about. The daughter makes neckties, and she has to deliver them at a shop in the square every day at 5 o'clock, so if I can stay with the mother while she's out she can keep her job, you see. Then it saves her some trouble if the old woman has her supper while she's gone. It amuses me, too," he added rather shamefacedly.

Allen never told Townsend who had been his companions in the reconnoitering expedition, but it was not hard to guess at some of them. Chadwick came to Townsend the next day with—

"I say! I've got some money here that I got the other night—no matter how—and I don't like to keep it. Do you know any poor people that it would help?"

And Morton, who had cut several recitations for the purpose of going into Boston to make some purchases, brought him a big bundle of silks, saying:

"Old man, Allen tells me that you know a woman who makes neckties. Will you get her to make me up some of these? Pretty, aren't they?" he added sheepishly.

And Grimston, who was fond of antiquities, implored him whenever they met to "render a song to try men's souls."—Mabel Shippen Clarke in National Magazine.

1,000,000 Given Away.

By a special and particular arrangement with the manufacturers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, free trial bottles of this great medicine for the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation, will be sent absolutely free, post-paid to all persons suffering from any of the diseases mentioned above who will send their full name and post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., provided they mention the CALEDONIAN when they write.

A very simple test to determine whether your Kidneys or Bladder are diseased is to put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a cloudy, ropy or stringy appearance, it is pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that you are in a dangerous condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such serious symptoms as a pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it. Frequent desire to urinate especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer.

By a searching investigation it was found that over 91 per cent of the people who sent for a sample bottle were so much benefited by its use that they purchased a large sized bottle of their drug, which in most cases cured them, while in some rare instances it took as many as two or even three bottles to effect a permanent cure.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per large bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

They Settled.

Long before the war General Butler, who was then a struggling young lawyer, lived up in a Massachusetts manufacturing town. He had displayed ability at college, but had to wait the usual number of years for his first case. At last a young girl who had worked in a cotton mill came to him for redress against her employers. She had been discharged without wages, and on a request for three weeks' wages was unceremoniously thrust from the door.

The case looked blue, for the firm was a very rich one, but she needed money badly. She offered Ben one-half to collect it.

The next morning, while on her way to look for employment, she came upon a great gathering at a crossing. She inquired what was the matter and learned that the factory she had left had shut down for the first time in 30 years. Wondering what could have brought about such a state, she passed on and presently met Butler. He was leaning against a lamppost whittling a stick.

"Tall right," he called, waving his knife with a jaunty air. "Tall right, I've got 'em!"

"Got who?" ventured the young lady.

"Why, those old skins up at the factory. I went to 'em right after I saw you yesterday and demanded the bill. They told me to hustle. I then got out an attachment on their water wheel and shut up the shop. You own \$15 worth of the entire machinery. Oh, they'll settle by noon!" And they did.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Mystery of Sausage.

The composition of the sausage is not only complex, but it is often obscure. In this country the preparation of this (as it should be) useful article of food is confined to the employment of minced beef and pork. The only exception probably is the so called "black pudding," which is made with pig's blood and perhaps some heart and kidney.

Abroad, however, the sausage is compounded of a much wider range of substances. These include brains, liver and horseshoe. The last substance is generally considered repugnant, while, of course, it is fraudulent to sell sausages as beef or pork containing horseshoe. Occasionally, however, sausages do contain meat at all, but only bread tinged with red oxide of iron and mixed with a varying proportion of fat.

The remarkable feature of horseshoe is the high proportion of glycogen which it contains, and this fact enables the presence of horseshoe to be detected with some amount of certainty. The test which depends on a color reaction with iodine has recently been more carefully studied and with more satisfactory results, so that the presence of 5 per cent of horseshoe in sausages can be detected.—Lancet.

A Street Hustler.

"What's your business?" asked the police magistrate of a man who was before him for abusing his wife because supper was not ready.

"I'm a street hustler," was the reply.

Explanations showed, says the New York Herald, that the man represented a large number of fellows in New York who have no regular occupation, but nevertheless manage to make a good living, particularly at this time of the year. They loiter around the streets until they see a vanload of furniture going somewhere. Then they follow the wagon, oftentimes for miles. The wagon drivers do not take kindly to these men and will not let them ride.

Men who are "handy with their hands," as it was explained to the magistrate, have no difficulty in getting a job laying carpets, cleaning windows and furnaces or hanging out clotheslines. It is a poor wagon chase that does not net from \$3 to \$4 a load. Sometimes, when two or more men are following the same load, competition is keen. The wagon driver whips his horses, and the prize falls to the man who has the fleetest foot and the greatest wind power.

A Sense of Security.

"Endora," said Mr. Cumrox, "I have been several times annoyed by the way you see fit to worry about my grammar."

"It's awful," said his wife. "You use commas where they don't belong, and you forget all about your periods. You'll lose all your friends."

"Endora, let me remind you that I have money enough to float any scheme I take a fancy to. A man may be loose on his punctuation, but when he enjoys my facilities for a capitalization he is bound to have friends that he couldn't lose if he tried."—Washington Star.

Benny's Failure.

Benny, the 4-year-old member of the family, had been trained to believe in the deep water form of baptism. This is believed to be the reason why he was trying to plunge the household cat into a bucket of water. The animal resisted. It howled and scratched and clawed and used violent language. Finally Benny, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes, gave it up.

"Darn you!" he said. "Go on be a Methodist if you want to!"—Chicago Tribune.

Impudence.

"I have just learned," she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, "that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged."

"Well," he snubbedly replied, "that ought to make you glad."

"Glad!" she exclaimed. "I'd like to know why?"

"Don't you know," he answered, "that there's luck in odd numbers?"—Chicago News.

She Ought to Make Him Confess.

During the first three months of every engagement the girl makes a confessional of the man. Later she wishes she hadn't confessed so much.—Athena Globe.

He Got the Window.

Old "Saw Log" Sam Stevenson is said to be the richest man in Michigan. He was in congress several years, but was defeated for re-election in 1894. He lives in the upper peninsula, and is a lumber king. He was probably the most ignorant man who ever sat in congress. He knew the value of a dollar, however, and could tell the color of one as far as the next man. He could be generous on occasion, and, on occasion, he could be lavish.

When forest fires swept over Wisconsin some years ago and wrought such destruction and occasioned such destitution, "Saw Log" Sam wired Pillsbury, at Minneapolis, to send to the sufferers 1,000 barrels of flour and forward the bill to him.

When McKinley was inaugurated, one of the Vanderbilts was a guest of the Arlington hotel. He sent his secretary out to secure a window on the avenue from which to view the parade. The man asked \$400 for it, and the secretary told him to hold it until he could consult Mr. Vanderbilt. Nearly all the windows had been taken. Along came "Saw Log" Sam window hunting, and approached the window seller Vanderbilt's man had been negotiating with. After some haggling "Saw Log" bought the window for \$1,000 cash in hand and he and his party at once took possession.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Little Punctuation.

People who fail to punctuate their communications are invited to study the following line, which is a correct sentence:

"It was and I said not or."

We got that line one day this week by wire, where punctuations are always omitted. We nearly wrecked our mentality trying to clear up the mystery of the single line, when all of a sudden it occurred to us to look up a copy of our letter to the party, when we discovered that our friend wanted to inform us he did not use the word "or," but did use "and." To be plain, the sentence is correct and should have read, "It was and I said—not or."

Another party who has been studying Pope wrote us as follows: "My Dear Mr. George—I have been thinking over the statement you made last week, and I too believe that that is that that is not is not, and I take pleasure in believing so."

A good way to untangle the above is to write it as follows: "That that is, is. That that is not, is not." In other words, it is a play on Pope's "whatever is, is right." People who eschew punctuation should not feel hurt if their meaning is not always readily grasped.—George's Denver Weekly.

She Was Over Twenty-one.

In Australia there are so few natives left that anything but a white man's marriage is a comparative rarity. The curious difference, however, between weddings there and in the mother country is that here we license the place for the solemnization of the ceremony and at the antipodes they license the man who performs the rites. Marriage can be performed at the registrar's office for a guinea, but if a minister knowingly marries a minor without her people's consent he is liable to imprisonment and a fine of \$1,500. If, however, the contracting parties have taken the oath that they are of full age, he is safe, though it has happened more than once that young lovers have gone to the registry office and obviously perjured themselves on the age question.

A smart but very good looking girl in Australia who was once asked, "Have you the written consent of your parents?" responded, "No, but I'm over 21."

"Are you sure?" doubtfully. "As sure as I stand here," was the answer, and indeed what she said was accurate enough, for she had written the number 21 on the sole of each of her shoes.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Query For Him.

He had discoursed learnedly, if somewhat wearily, to his friend on the influence of food upon character.

"Tell me," said he in summing up, "tell me what a man eats and I will tell you what he is."

His friend, though fatigued, was evidently interested.

"There is only one question I wish to ask you," he said.

"Ask it," replied the discomfited magnanimously, with an air that said very clearly, "Give me a hard one while you are at it and I'll show you how smart I am."

"It is this," replied the fatigued friend. "How much sage tea would you have to drink to make a wise man of yourself?"

No answer being promptly forthcoming, the conference broke up.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Safeguards.

"The cashier informed me," said the president, "that he was strongly tempted to skip with the funds, but that he locked himself up with them and prayed over them all night and overcame the temptation."

"I know it," said the chief director. "I had a detective at his door, one at each window and one on the roof—at the chimney flue—while he was praying."—Atlanta Constitution.

You Can't Get Rested

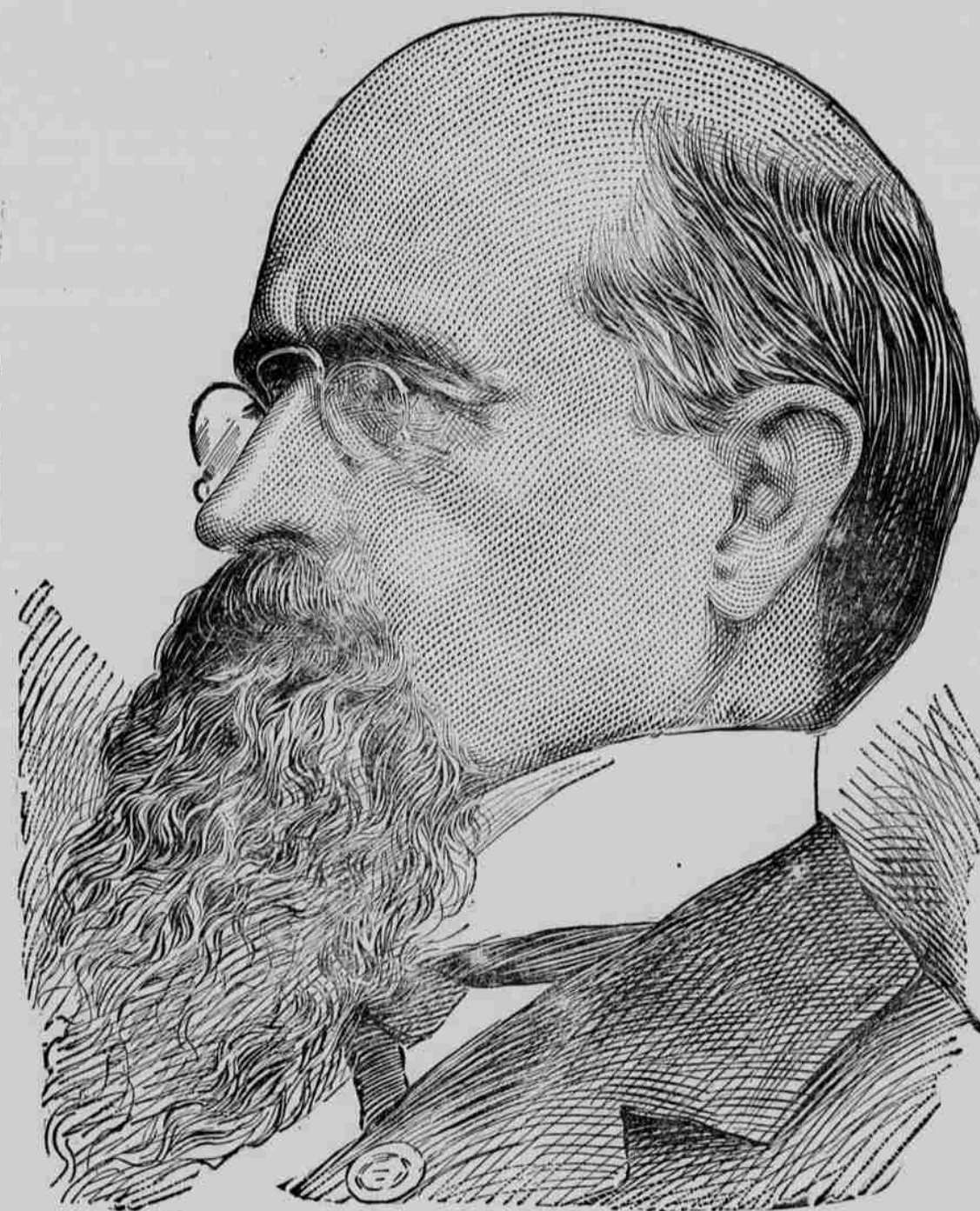
Because That Tired Feeling is not the result of exertion. It is due to the unhealthy condition of your blood. This vital fluid should give nourishment to every organ, nerve and muscle. But it cannot do this unless it is rich and pure. That is what you want to cure That Tired Feeling—pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you "get rested."

It will give you pure, rich blood, give you vigor and vitality and brace you up so that you may feel well all through the coming summer. If you have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, do so now, and see how it energizes and vitalizes your whole system.

Some of the stars move with a velocity of 50 miles a second.

THE MEXICAN CONSUL

Gets Health in the Spring by taking Paine's Celery Compound.



No time is so favorable as March and April for getting strong and well.

A thoroughly well person eats with relish, sleeps soundly, works with zest, and without worry from morbid anxiety as to the outcome of his efforts.

If you feel you are out of health, strength, and spirits; if you show signs of nervousness and exhaustion; if you have that feeling of lassitude that comes in the spring to those who are out of health; if your blood shows the usual signs of impurity—Paine's celery compound will turn you right-about-face towards health.

Enrique Guerra, the Mexican consul, has the confidence not only of his government, but of the American public. Through his intervention, many important commercial questions between the United States and Mexico have been happily adjusted.

During his long residence in this country, Mr. Guerra has lived in a circle where the best possible medical treatment is always obtainable. He early discovered that in the spring, when nature seems most willing to lend its best assistance to the sick and feeble, his friends were using Paine's celery compound—the only spring medicine that physicians endorse, and intelligent families in every community have come to rely upon with confidence.

Mr. Guerra was not long in finding out the great reliance that is thus placed upon Paine's celery compound by the best informed people, and he was not slow in taking advantage of the great remedy himself. Here is his statement, unqualified, conclusive:

As spring comes on, most women and many men who have lived hot-house lives during the winter, find themselves unduly fretful, unable to sleep soundly, without appetite, easily tired, frequently distressed by headaches, and lacking "snap" and strength—the result of poor blood and weak nerves.

To those in this condition, the thousands of testimonials from people like Mr. Guerra who have been benefited by Paine's celery compound, should be reason enough for giving this best of all spring medicines at least a trial. What it has done for others, it will do for the reader. It will purify the blood, clear the complexion, rejuvenate the exhausted nervous system, insure good digestion, bring on healthy sleep, and restore one's strength and vitality.

No other medicine in the world ever accomplished so much, and a single trial will add another to the long list of people in every community who gratefully sound the praises of Paine's celery compound.

Kansas City, March 16, 1898.

At times when I have been seemingly exhausted from arduous work, Paine's celery compound has been of such benefit to me that it seems now I could hardly have progressed but for it. When sleep was slow in coming and my appetite flagged, a general toning up of my system followed the use of the compound. While I am not versed in things

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The cheapest harness we have we sell for \$5 and the best for \$35.

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ARE THE CLEANEST SKIMMERS ON THE MARKET.

As witness the reports from the State Experiment Stations and users the country over. They are also noted for their simplicity, ease of operation and durability, making them the most desirable separators to use.

A Few 1899 Experiment Station Reports.

Massachusetts, average of 19 tests, January 7th to 31st, .033 of 1%
Ohio, " " " 16th to 21st, .034 of 1%
Vermont, " " " 9th to Feb. 3d, .038 of 1%
Wisconsin, " " " 2d to 19th, .03 of 1%
An average from 73 tests of skim milk of .034 of 1%

Skims Clean. Repair for 3 Years Only 50 Cents.

GERRY, N. Y., April 14, 1899.
I bought a No. 3 Improved U. S. Separator in the spring of 1896. I have made as much as 5,000 lbs. of butter per year, and separated as high as 800 lbs. of milk per day, and during all this time it has never been out of running order. I have expended for repairs the amount of 30 cents for rubber rings. I used one ring over a year. I have tested the skimmed milk from time to time without detecting scarcely a trace of butter fat. The separator is usually run by a one-horse tread power, although I sometimes run it by hand.
E. S. OSTRANDER.

The U. S. Stands at the Head.

DELEH, Pa., March 21, 1899.
I am well pleased with the No. 3 Improved U. S. Separator. It is easy to operate, easy to clean, and I think it is ahead of any separator on the market.
GEO. STANDISH.

Write for Illustrated Catalogues.

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after using some of our new deep shades of Photo. Mount Board that, because slight stains of paste could be wiped off and when dry would not show, he considered it the

Best He Ever Used.

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